

Halfway up the Mountain with a little old grandmother on his back and his nose-clip forgotten on his chair, Jimmy's heart just quit. It's best he didn't see how perfectly he and cargo fit in, without the least arranging.

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When bodies started piling up at Site 1050, Jimmy was found missing. No trace except his clothes, nose-clip on top, piled neatly on his office chair. Clearly a spiteful trick. So Jimmy was sacked on the spot. And Jack, just turned 18, became the new B.P. 1050. And Sue became an abandoned wife with no pension.

"Life's like that," Jimmy would have said.

AN UNKNOWN ANIMAL

with the face of a proboscis monkey and the body of a sea-cucumber is found under a bed. A man is just wondering if there's any money or danger in it, when his doorbell breaks into song.

The man jumps as if caught with a dirty book. He tiptoes to the door and cracks it, keeping the chain-latch on. Information squeezes through:

(1) A girl has lost her virginity. (2) It has the face of a proboscis monkey, the body of a sea-cucumber, and answers to a name which decency prevents being uttered. (3) A reward is offered -- an unspecified sum of money or goods, plus the knowledge of virtue. (4) The parents are frantic. (The father speaks too fast. The mother keeps tugging her left earring.) If the creature is not found soon, their daughter threatens to become a tattooed lady and fuck for the fun of it.

DEAR DIARY

I've been retained to deliver the commencement address at a small religious college. Their sect believes that the proper functioning of the universe depends on the ratio of sheep's legs to sheep remaining constant. This is why, in certain circles, the sight of a 5-legged sheep is said to cause ringworm and the birth of hairy babies. It also explains the origin of the phrase "more trouble than a peg-legged sheep."

I've had no prior connection with the college or with shepherdry, and haven't been to any church since I learned about the Tooth Fairy, so I can only assume some school official liked my face, or mistook me for someone else, or overheard me telling my joke about three soldiers who pass a sheep trapped, rear forward, in a

barbed-wire fence. One soldier says "I wish it was Mary." Another says "I wish it was Anne." But the country boy says "I wish it was dark."

I wish the ten bucks and monogrammed tweezers which the college is paying me were: a Rolls Royce, eighty-foot yacht, private country club, thousand square miles of virgin woods around a steelhead river, fifty million cash, the island of Oahu, and all the girls I ever wanted. But as they say, "If wishes put legs on sheep, we'd all be hairy babies."

A DEPRAVED CLOCK

Overnight, a clock stops telling time and starts showing dirty movies. Its owner -- afraid he's overslept -- wakes next morning to a scene of perversion.

"Well, there are three anuses, six vaginas, and three erect penises, which must mean it's 12 o'clock; and since one penis is black, that must mean it's night, so I can go back to bed," reasons the man. "But first I should discuss with my wife -- my dearest friend and confidant -- the secret need which caused her to buy this lewd clock."

"Fool!" his wife greets his arrival in her bedroom. "That was your boss. You're fired for lateness."

"What was my boss? And how can I be late, when it's 12 o'clock at night?" He pulls the clock from under his robe (where he's modestly hidden it) and shows it to his wife, who shrieks in horror.

He looks and sees one white vagina with one donkey penis half-embedded.

"1:30 in the afternoon! It's taken me half a day to walk fifty feet!" shrieks the man, grabbing his head as if it might bounce away.

"As your job goes, so go I, pervert," his wife hisses, bolting out the door in her pajamas. "Expect my lawyer."

Wringing his hands, the man collapses on his wife's bed. Mate and job both gone, possessions soon to follow. His sole consolation the depraved clock -- interesting, he notices, now that his wife is gone. Sighing, he settles back to watch Deep Throat Meets the SM Fetishist AC-DC Nymphomaniac Lemur.

"I'm glad they're gone," he whispers minutes later, amazed at the tingling zipping through his spine. "I'm glad they're gone!" he roars, suddenly seeing life as a voluptuous girl reaching around to unsnap her bra just for him.